

THE DUTCHMAN'S LUCK.

IN A CERTAIN village, there lived a Dutch farmer named Dunderman, whose family consisted of his wife and only son, named Carl, who helped his father work the farm. Carl was an industrious, sober young man, who had reached the age of twenty-one without having once been ten miles away from home; so it is to be presumed that his knowledge or experience was not very extensive.

Carl's invariable custom was to go every evening, as soon as his work was done, and see Katrina Van Kleeper, the daughter of a neighbor, as handsome and buxom a lass as ever trod shoe leather. While he would sit and smoke with the old man, talking about the crops and weather, Katrina would sit demurely by sewing or knitting as the case might be. Precisely when the clock struck nine, Carl was expected to leave.

But one night Carl, instead of leaving at nine, as usual, still lingered, much to the surprise of old Van Kleeper, who after waiting a few minutes without seeing any signs of his leaving, asked him why he did not leave, as he wished to shut up.

"Because, neighbor Van Kleeper, I want to speak a few words mit you," answered Carl, rather sheepishly.

"Vell, fery goot; put vhy ton't you pekin den?" returned that worthy, proceeding to fill his pipe.

"Vell, den, neighbor Van Kleeper," began Carl, in rather a hesitating manner "I loves your taughter Katrina more as never vas, an' she loves me doo, an' as mine fader's varm an' your varm adjoin, I dinks dat ve petter marry, so dat ven fader and you die, de broproperty will sthay in de vamily!"

"Vell, very goot, Carl," replied Van Kleeper, looking rather blank at being thus summarily disposed of; put how mootch monish you kot, eh?"

Carl put his hand in his pocket and drew out an old leather wallet, and proceeded to count its contents.

"I got shust two tollar an' sefendeen sheents," he replied, carefully putting the money back in his pocket.

"Two tollar, you dundering pig vool! How de tuyval toes you dink dat you gan marry a frow mit only two tollar an' sefendeen sheents? Ven you kot tree hundred tollars, an' ask your fader may be he gif him do you, den you kin marry mit mine kirl; put not von dundering tay pefore. An' now good-night an' don't come here no more pefore you kit de monish. Gome den, put no sooner."

Poor Carl had nothing to do but comply, and took his departure with a heavy heart, for how to get so much money was a problem too difficult of solution for him.

The next morning Carl looked as wretched and woebegone as a broken-down oil speculator. On his parents anxiously inquiring as to what ailed him, he related what had taken place between him and neighbor Van Kleeper.

"Neighbor Van Kleeper is shust right responded his father when he had concluded. "And I dinks dat you pe olt enough to ko an' make your own vordune. Don't dink dat you kit any ding of me ven I die, vor I dink dat I vill lif more as a hoonret years yet. Mine fader kif me noding ven I married, an' your fader do de same. I kif you till to-morrow to stay here, an' ven you don't ko den away, I'll kif you away."

The wretched Carl was thunderstruck at the turn affairs had taken; for in spite of his mother's remonstrance his father was inexorable. So with a heavy heart he began to make preparations to leave his home for Heaven only knows where.

Early next morning Carl was ready to leave; his father gave him his blessing, while his mother—unknown to his father—gave him three dollars out of her own savings, besides a loaf of bread and a small jug of buttermilk; and thus fitted out, with a small bundle, swung on a stick over his shoulder, he started off with tears in his eyes.

Carl travelled on without meeting an adventure of any kind till toward noon, when being both tired and hungry, he sat down under a large tree that stood in the roadside before a small cottage, and began an attack on his bread and buttermilk. He had not been long there, however, before he was perceived by the woman of the house, who came out and invited him to partake of dinner there.—Carl, nothing loth, accepted her hospitable invitation, and was soon seated before a well spread table, to the contents of which he paid the most impartial attention.

During the meal, the woman, with the curiosity peculiar to other folks, plied him with all sort of questions as to where

he came from and whither he was going; all of which Carl answered with good nature. In return, she gave him an account of all the people living around.—Among other things she told him of a wealthy old miller named Verplank, who lived about six miles from there; he had married a young and handsome wife, of whom he was jealous and proud. To make matters worse, a handsome nephew of his came to his house quite often and took Mrs. Verplank out riding, which brought the poor miller to the verge of distraction.

Carl listened to her gossip for a long time with great attention; then, being both refreshed and rested, he thanked the woman for her hospitality, and bade her farewell.

He jogged along for a few miles further, till he came to a place where a vendue sale was being held. He looked on for a while, and watched the proceedings of the sale with great interest, till his eye was caught by three bee-hives. Carl had never seen a bee-hive before, and he examined them with great interest. Asking a by-stander what they contained, he was told that they contained bees—that bees made honey and wax—and other scraps of natural history, which Carl heard with the greatest amazement.—The bees seemed to strike his fancy, for he stepped up to the auctioneer and asked him what he would charge for a peck of "dem little gritters?"

"We don't sell bees by the measure," replied that functionary, laughing, "but only by the hive."

Carl was sorry, and the auctioneer seeing his disappointment, told him that he would sell a few to accommodate. Taking an old candle-box, he shook a number of the bees out of the hive, and shutting up the box gave it to Carl, charging him three dollars for the same. Carl paid the money cheerfully, and walked off with his prize as happy as a king, amidst the laughter of the crowd.

The shades of evening were beginning to fall when Carl came in sight of Verplank's mill, and the miller was standing in the doorway when he stepped up.

"Goot evening, Mr. Verplank! How toos you to?" said Carl, setting down his box and accosting the miller.

The miller, whose perception was rather obtuse, surveyed Carl with the most unbounded astonishment.

"How de duvel toos you know dat mine name is Verplank, eh?" he uttered, in a voice of surprise.

"O, I knows everyding, because I pe a vordune deller!" returned Carl, coolly. "Mine pox here dells me cfyding I want to know."

"Gome, dat is doo goot! How de duvel gan dat pox speak any ding, I wants to know?"

"O, ko to de dunder! didn't I dell you dat dis ish a vordune-deller pox? Shust ask me anyding an' see."

"Tell, den, dell me vat mine vife's name is and vat she ish toing shust now—den I believe, an' py dunder, not pefore!" said the miller, incredulously.

"De name ov your vife is Carlotta, an' shust now she is sbarking mit your nevy, Hans Verplank!" cried Carl, triumphantly, removing his head from the box, to which he applied his ear.

"Dunder, blitzen, an' dousand duvels!" exclaimed the miller in dismay.—"Peezel pup is in dat pox, py tam!"

After recovering somewhat from his astonishment, he asked Carl if he would go to the house, adding, as an inducement, that he would give him three dollars and his supper. Carl told him he would, if he would give him lodging for the night also; and, the miller complying, he accompanied him to his house.

The miller chuckled with delight as he anticipated the dismay of his wife when she should have her fondest secrets revealed.

After supper Carl confounded both the miller and his wife by the revelation he made, by the pretended aid of the box; for the woman at whose house he had dined, had posted him well in their affairs.

"I vill kif you one hoonret tollars for dat pox!" he exclaimed, thinking what a valuable acquisition it would be to him in aiding to ferret out his wife's secrets.

"No," replied Carl, "I gan't sell dat pox, vor it has been in de family more as a hoonret years! Mine kreat kranfader gafe it do mine kranfader on his dying ped, an' made him schwear never to bart mit it!"

"Vell, den, I kif you two hoonret!" he said, fearful of losing such a chance. Carl reflected a minute.

"I dell you vat I vill do," he said at last; "kif me two hoonret an' vifty, an' I sell him to you."

Although sorely against the grain, the miller closed the bargain, much to the displeasure of his wife, who urged him not to make a fool of himself, but this only added fuel to the flame of the miller's desire to possess the box, and he went to his bedroom and brought Carl his money.

"No vonder mine frau tou't vant me to haf dat pox!" he muttered, significantly as he counted out the money. "Put how vill I understand de pox ven he dalks do me?" he inquired.

Carl told him to call him up early in the morning, and he would tell him.

At daybreak the next morning the miller awakened Carl and told him to get up and show him how to understand the box, for "dat it vas dalking like de duvel." (The bees were buzzing like a circular saw.)

"Vell," said Carl, "virst you must pe in a room mit yourself all alone, an' den you make hot vire; den you lock do toor and trow de key out de window, an' pull your clothes off. Ven dat is done, smear yourself all over mit molasses, open de pox, an' you fint him all out."

So saying Carl bid the miller good-morning, and took his departure, anxious to place as much distance as possible between himself and that individual.

The poor miller followed Carl's directions to the letter. The catastrophe that followed may be imagined. When he opened the box, the bees, rendered infuriated by being confined so long, attacked him on all sides. The wretched miller bellowed in agony, and danced around the room like an Indian warrior. His wife hearing the uproar, ran to the room, but finding it locked, she had to get an axe to break it down; she was terror-stricken at the startling scene that burst on her view, for the yells of the agonized miller were something awful to hear.—Running out of the room, she soon returned with a broom, with which she brushed the sweet insects from her lord.

It was fully a week before the poor miller recovered from the effects of the stings he had received. He promised his wife, if she never would tell, that he would never be jealous again.

Carl arrived at home with his ill-gotten money, and his father was so well pleased at his success, that he gave him the additional fifty dollars, thus enabling him to marry his beloved Katrina, with whom he has lived in the greatest harmony ever since.

Teutonic Insurance.

A thin, cadaverous looking German about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in N. Y., the other day, and inquired:

"Ish de man in what insures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I wants my helts insured, vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the clerk "from three to ten dollars a year; and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I wants ten dollars vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all de time. I'se shust out de bed two tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must think I'se a big fool, vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for insure my helt when I was vell!"

Advice to Young Ministers.

Bishop Simpson recently gave a unique charge to several young Methodist ministers who were ordained at Philadelphia. In the course of it he said: "Talk neither too long nor too loud. The measure of our duty is the measure of our ability. You must use the tone and power of your own voice and nothing else. Be as God made you, and use what he has given you. Guard yourselves strongly and thoroughly, both mentally and physically. By your care you can work for years. An earnest heart, with thought reaches the people. The more naturally we talk the more effective will we be. Take time for speaking. Speak naturally and stand erect in the fear of God. Be careful about your diet. Don't eat late suppers. I have found that nine out of ten ministers who eat after preaching die early. Endeavor to live long, and try to do as much good as you can. Oh! after we have learned to live, if we could live a thousand years, what a great amount of good we could do here! I am more anxious now to live than I ever was."

Magic Table for Finding the age of any Person.

Rule.—Let any person tell in which column or columns, he finds his age—add together the first numbers of those columns, and their sum is the person's age, up to 74 years.

Suppose, for example, that a person says that he sees his age in the first, second and fifth column, then the addition of one, two and sixteen, (the first numbers of said columns,) gives 19 for the person's age.

The combination was originally made by a Quaker in Pennsylvania, about fifteen years ago.

I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
1	2	4	8	16	32	64
3	3	5	9	17	33	65
5	6	6	10	18	34	66
7	7	7	11	19	35	67
9	10	12	12	20	36	68
11	11	13	13	21	37	69
13	14	14	14	22	38	70
15	15	15	15	23	39	71
17	18	20	24	24	40	72
19	19	21	25	25	41	73
21	22	22	26	26	42	74
23	23	23	27	27	43	
25	26	28	28	28	44	
27	27	29	29	29	45	
29	30	30	30	30	46	
31	31	31	31	31	47	
33	34	36	40	48	48	
35	35	37	41	49	49	
37	38	38	42	50	50	
39	39	39	43	51	52	
41	42	44	44	52	51	
43	43	45	45	53	53	
45	43	46	46	54	54	
47	47	47	47	55	55	
49	50	52	56	56	56	
51	51	53	57	57	57	
53	54	54	58	58	58	
55	55	55	59	59	59	
57	58	60	60	60	60	
59	59	61	61	61	61	
61	62	62	62	62	62	
63	63	63	63	63	63	
65	66	68	72			
67	67	69	73			
69	70	70	74			
71	71	71				
73	74					

The Signs of the Hands.

If the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, etc., not soft but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious but changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hand be hollow, and well-knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if over-thwarted then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of mercury—that is the little finger, if the end of it exceeds the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule in his own house; and his wife will be pleasing to him. But if it be short, and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will wear the breeches.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, but of a gentle nature.

Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show a person to be good-natured, but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinate anger and hatred.

If they are crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honest, and a lover of secret sciences.

Fleshy hands denote the person to be mild in temper, idle and lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbor, and subject to many diseases.

Titles of old Time Sermons.

The titles of some seventeenth and eighteenth century sermons were strange and to modern apprehensions comical and irreverent: "Barnch's Sore Gently Opened, and Salve skillfully Applied." "The Church's Bowl Complaint." "The Snuffer's of Divine Love." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make a Soul Sneeze with Devotion." "A pack of Cards to Win Christ." "A spiritual Spicery; containing Sundrie sweet Tractatet of Devotion and Piety," written by Richard Braithwaite in 1638.

"If a man bequeathed you a hundred dollars, would you pray for him?" said a Sunday school teacher to a pupil. "No," said he, "I would pray for another like him."

A Chinese Story.

A CERTAIN merchant of China, going one day on a journey, placed in his neighbor's charge a hundred weight of iron. Not having had the success for which he hoped, he returned home. The first thing he did on his arrival was to go to his friend's house.

"My iron," said he.

"Your iron! I am sorry to tell you bad news. An accident has happened that nobody would foresee; a rat has eaten it all. But, what can be done? There is always in a granary some hole where the little animals enter, and commit a thousand depredations."

The merchant is astonished at such a miracle, and pretends to believe it. A few hours after, he finds his neighbor's child in a by path, takes him home with him, and shuts him up in a room under lock and key. The next day he invites the father to sup with him.

"Excuse me, I pray you; all pleasures are lost to me. They have stolen my son. He is my only son—alas! what do I say?—he is mine no more."

"I am sorry to hear this news; the loss of an only son must affect you much. But my dear neighbor, I will tell you that last evening, as I was going out I saw an owl carry off your child!"

"Do you take me for an idiot, to wish to make me believe such a story? How? an owl, which weighs at most only two or three pounds, carry off a child that weighs at least fifty? The thing is absurd, impossible!"

"I cannot tell you how it was done; but I saw it with my own eyes, I tell you. Besides how do you find it strange and impossible, that the owls of a country where a single rat eats a hundred weight of iron should carry off a child that weighs only half a hundred weight?"

The neighbor, upon this, found that he was not dealing with a fool, and returned the iron to the merchant in exchange for his son.

Too Doggoned Polite.

THE Sidney, Ohio Journal says not long ago, a newly-married couple from this county established themselves at a fashionable hotel in Cincinnati for the purpose of seeing the sights. The lady was young and pretty, the husband honest and verdant. The pair had been in the hotel for twenty-four hours when the bridegroom walked up to the clerk and remarked:

"That's my wife that stops in the room with me."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the bland reply of the clerk.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," continued the man, "so you wouldn't think it strange o' my complaining; I never like to find fault, you know; but we're kind of bothered. We have only been here since yesterday, and my wife has been invited to ride three times and go to the minstrel shows likewise, and just now, a sleek-looking chap knocked at the door and wanted to know if that countryman she had on the string had gone.—I've no doubt they mean well enough, but they are too doggoned polite for me."

"The poor fellow was assured that the well-meaning young men should not annoy him any further with their politeness, and he retired apparently much gratified."

"Flippity-Floppity."

A country girl once went into the city to pay a visit to one of her old and best friends; this friend was married to a rich city merchant, and a leader of fashion. In city etiquette, of course, the visitor was verdant, and made numerous mistakes. Her friend wished to initiate her into the "mysteries," and as they were going to a large ball, gave her the following instruction, viz.: "Eat only one small cake and one saucer of ice cream, and when your attendant presses you to take more, answer that you have masticated a sufficiency, and more would be a superfluity." Things went on very smoothly until her attendant asked her to partake of more refreshments, when, to the horror of her friend, and amusement of the company, she answered, in a loud voice; "I have evaporated insufficiently—any more would go flippity-floppity."

A clergyman addressed his female auditors as follows: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after resurrection, for it was only that the glad tidings might spread sooner."